# Roses of Picardy

SONG

WORDS BY

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

MUSIC BY

HAYDN WOOD

ALSO PUBLISHED AS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
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# ROSES OF PICARDY.

## Song.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
HAYDN WOOD.

Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
Con Ped.
mp
She is watch - ing by the
R.H.
pop - lars, Col - in - ette with the sea - blue eyes, She is

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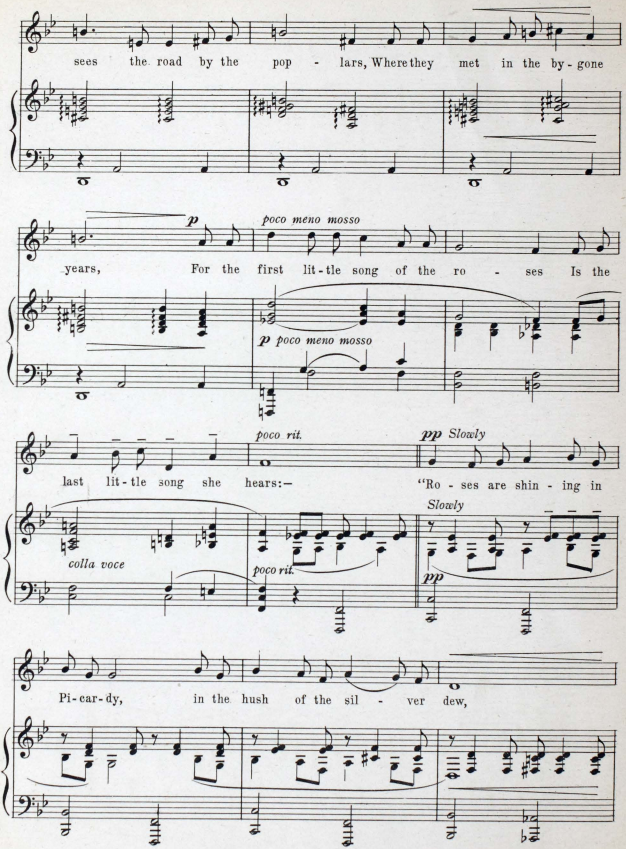
watch - ing and long - ing and wait - ing Where the long white road - way
colla voce
lies. And a song stirs in the si - lence, As the
p poco meno mosso
wind in the boughs a - bove, She lis - tens and starts and
p poco meno mosso
mp
poco rit.
trem - bles, 'Tis the first lit - tle song of love:—
poco rit.

pp Slowly
"Ro - ses are shin - ing in Pi-car-dy, in the hush of the sil - ver
Slowly
pp
mf
dew, Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi-car-dy, but there's
mf
p
nev - er a rose like you! And the ro - ses will die with the
p
cresc.
f
sum-mer-time, and our roads may be far a - part, But there's
cresc.

poco largamente
rit.
one rose that dies not in Pi- car-dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my
poco larg.
rit.
heart!"
Tempo primo.
And the
mp
R.H.
years fly on for ev - er, Till the sha-dows veil their skies, But he
loves to hold her lit - tle hands, And look in her sea - blue eyes. And she
colla voce


sees the road by the pop - lars, Where they met in the by - gone
p
poco meno mosso
years, For the first lit - tle song of the ro - ses Is the
p poco meno mosso
poco rit.
pp Slowly
last lit - tle song she hears:— "Ro - ses are shin - ing in
Slowly
colla voce
poco rit.
pp
Pi - car - dy, in the hush of the sil - ver dew,

mf
Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi-car-dy, but there's nev - er a rose like
mf
p
you! And the ro - ses will die with the summer-time, and our
p
f
poco largamente
roads may be far — a - part, But there's one rose that dies not in
cresc.
f poco larg.
ff
a tempo
rit.
Pi-car-dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!"
rit.
colla voce
ff
a tempo
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

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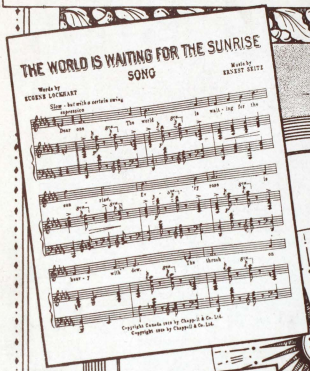


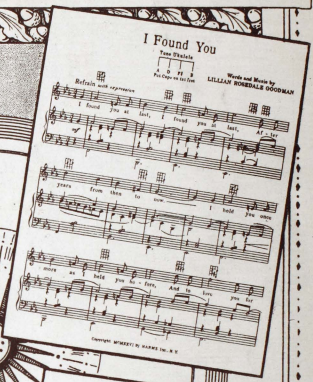

IN THE GARDEN OF TO-MORROW
Song
Words by
GEO. GRAFFE Jr.
Music by
JESSIE L. DEPPEN
REFRAIN
In the garden of to mor - row, Will the ros-es be more fair? —
With no flakes to fall from us - now, Will there be a snowmobile?
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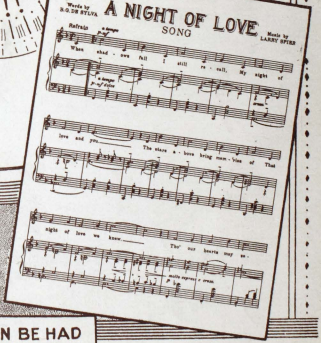


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